

[Transcription begins]

#32 4-9-1944

Easter Sunday night

In between Jack Benny &

Charlie McCarthy

Dear Douglas:

It has been a long time since I have tried a letter in longhand but the typewriter is upstairs and perhaps you will like it for a change. Easter here was rather on the cool side and cloudy to start with, but by noon the sun was out and it had grown quite a bit warmer. It is the first time for years that I have missed a service at Calvary but at the last minute Saturday night, Bill came home and we found we could have Daryl christened, as Janet was also home and it was to be at quarter past twelve, so we knew it was useless to try to go to Calvary and get back to Edgewood by that time. Dad stood in your place and as Margie Schmid was ill (she is the other godmother[]) Mrs. Schmid took her place. The service took place after the regular morning service at the back of the church where the font is, with just the immediate families. Daryl was a darling, pretty as a picture in her ruffly white dress and shoes & her big brown eyes. I must confess that for me, I prefer the simplicity of our denomination but you know as well as I, Marilyn's attitude toward the church is general. And this step, taken at her request, makes me realize that within her is more deep feeling than I credit her and later, I know their church choice will depend very largely on where they live. The service was very brief and formal and now you are a godfather. I might hint that I believe a gift is customary! Some trifle should you ever be in a position to get it!

Dad and I were able to go to the regular Thursday communion service in the Temple this week with the Buffums. It is always one I am glad to attend because of its simplicity. Clara sang "There Is a Green Hill Far Away" and did it beautifully. We stopped at the Buffums for a few minutes. No letter from Tommy since March 3rd, so he must be very busy and not near regular main channels.

Your letters are coming through beautifully and Saturday two postcards mentioning com-on-the-wh. EE-magine it! Also the excellent picture of you and Mr. Hartung. You both look well, happy and tanned. I referred back

to your letters and I find that he took Mr. Bernstein's place as Supply Officer--is that correct? So glad you do have a day off occasionally for I know you must be very very busy and under strain most of the time, although we [line missing] and entertaining Frances a lot for the picture. Thanks a lot for the picture. It is a great treat for us to have it and it takes its place on the living room mantel. Hope we have an opportunity to meet Mr. Hartung someday. Is he married & from what state does he hail?

After the christening Dad & I had dinner with the Fishers, good old-fashioned stew with dumplings! It doesn't sound like the traditional Easter menu but as Marilyn was to be with the Schmids we thought we would go out to some restaurant with the Fishers but at the last minute Bill didn't feel like it so she persuaded us to take "pot-luck" with them and it was good. After dinner we drove to Tiogue to see the Hylands (Bill felt better), the first long ride we have had for ages and then stopped at Coles on the way back. We haven't been in there for a year. The house needs painting but doesn't look too bad--we had the old piano taken out about two years go. People by the name of Sargent have bought the house in front (Simmons') and are building a room directly out in back so it doesn't bother our view any.

Wednesday I finished at the BWRS. Now that I am actually thru I'm pleased enough to be home--many things need my attention & I guess at heart I am a housewife before a business woman! I hope nothing unusual appears for me before a month or two but my name & record are on file with one of the best agencies and I have a couple of other things pending. Mrs. Smith sent me a very lovely Easter Rose Bush with a nice note thanking me for all I had done for the BWRS. We had quite a bit of snow fall on that day (Wednesday) and Bill said the ships coming thru from New York were quite loaded.

Tomorrow night Dad & I attend Ladies night for the CYMBC (a supper and speaker at Sadie Jordan's--more about that in my next letter [].) Until then with "oceans of love" from us all

Mother [Transcription ended]